Now what my love is proofe hath made you know,
And as my love is ciz'd my feare is ſo:
Where love is great, the littleſt doubts are feare;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
King. Faith I muſt leave thee love, and ſhortly too,
My operant powers their functions leave to doe,
And thou ſhalt live in this faire world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband ſhalt thou.
Quee. O confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt.
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond but who kill'd the firſt:
The inſtances that ſecond marriage move
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love:
A ſecond time I kill my husband dead
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.
King. I do beleeve you thinke what now you ſpeak,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity;
Which now the fruit unripe ſtickes on the tree,
But fall unſhaken when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget
To pay our ſelves what to our ſelves is debt;
What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either griefe or joy
Their owne enactures with themſelves deſtroy;
Where joy moſt revells griefe doth moſt lament:
Griefe joy, joy griefes, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That even our loves ſhould with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

Ham. That's wormwood.

For

For who not needs ſhall never
And who in want a hollow frie
Directly ſeaſons him his enem
But orderly to end where I be
Our wills and fates doe ſo con
That our devices ſtill are over
Our thoughts are ours, their e
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond
But dye thy thoughts when
Quee. Nor earth to me give
Sport and repoſe locke from
To deſperation turne my truſt
And Anchors cheere in priſo
Each oppoſite that blankes th
Meet what I would have wel
Both here and hence purſue
If once I be a widow, ever I b
King. 'Tis deeply ſworne
My ſpirits grow dull, and fai
The tedious day with ſleep.
Quee. Sleep rocke thy bra
And never come miſchance b
Ham. Madam, how like
Quee. The Lady doth pro
Ham. O but ſhee'll keep
King. Have you heard the
Ham. No, no, they doe
King. What doe you ca
Ham. The Mouſe-trap;
image of a murther done in
his wife *Baptiſta*, you ſhall
but what of that? your Maj
touches us not; let the gall
wrung. This is one *Lucian*
Enter
Ophel. You are as good
Ham. I could interpret
If I could ſee the puppits da

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